

OMEGAVERSE by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Abuse, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Angst with a Happy Ending, Attempted Rape/Non-Con, Billy Hargrove Needs Love, Bottom Billy Hargrove, Child Abuse, Crying, Daddy Kink, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, F/M, Gay Billy Hargrove, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Love, Love Confessions, Love/Hate, M/M, Men Crying, Omega Verse, Past Abuse, Protective Steve Harrington, Rape, Rape Recovery, Rape/Non-con Elements, Sad, Sexual Abuse, Slaves, Smoking, Soulmates, Submissive Billy Bones, True Love, Underage Smoking, Unrequited Love, Verbal Abuse

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Original Male Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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Summary:

Billy shouldn't be used to it.

The drip of the water splattering angrily against his heavy eyelashes. The man grunting above him as he pounds relentlessly into Billy bleeding, leaking hole. The blunt nails that dig into his hips. The way his cheek scratched the dust ridden, concrete floor.

He really shouldn't be used to it.

OMEGAVERSE

Author's Note:

eats poptart and pretends that I didn't just write this in one sitting for two hours.

Sooooo, hows it goin'?

This shit is unedited, all over the place and I'm up at 3:44 am to finish it. Ughhhhh oh whale. Comments and kudos are always appreciated

"You are an *omega*." Neil spits the name like a curse when Billy first presents. He's twelve with bright blonde hair and thick lashes that can't help but compliment his big blue doe eyes. He's also scared. His heat comes in body slamming waves, sweat drips from his body like water after he gets out the shower, his hole clenches just as fast as he's gasping for breath. He's been in the basement ever since.

It isn't until he turns fifteen, the clock strikes midnight that Neil bangs open his door, pictures of his mother falling on the floor. The smirk that his father wears makes Billy's stomach churn uncomfortably. A burly man with off white skin, a cut on his upper lip and black eyes that screams danger. Billy wants to cry but he knows he can't. The man walks in behind Neil, heavy combat boots shame the floor, Billy's hole clenches unintentionally as slick runs down his legs onto the cold floor. He wears the same sickening grin that his father seems to have permanently etched on his face.

"T'is the boy?" Neil nods and the man unbuckles his belt in a haste, fat fingers clashing against the metal in distain. Billy looks at his father as he brings his knees closer to his chest as his heart seems to tie in knots inside him.

"Omegas take knots. They're just sluts that take any cock that comes near them." The man grips Billy's legs and forces them apart as Neil speaks nonchalantly about payment. The rapist digs in his pants and pulls out ten crumpled hundred bills before his belt hits the floor with an upsetting *clank!* Billy can't breathe, his objections come out

in slurred sentences and tears leak out of his eyes. "Don't worry. I'll go easy. The first time." Billy frowns in confusion as Marc, Neil calls him after thanking him for the money, pulls out his cock, the tip angry and red with a substance coming from the tip with a fury. Marc turns Billy over so quick Billy feels his neck crack a little, he flicks his tail in a panic. Marc grabs it and yanks. Billy blubbers and sobs, a sharp, painful ripple tingling up to his tailbone and lingering there.

Marc lines up, the slick making it easier for him to slide into the virgin with little resistance. Neil watches.

"N-no, no no no no no." Billy's sobs rank through his entire body and saliva drenched his chin and the floor beneath him as garbled words fall from his bruised lips. Marc pulls on his hair and smacks him, again, and again until his nose is bleeding and his right eye matches the pinkness of Marc's hand. It happens three times every week until Neil meets Susan then he brings more friends and keeps Billy in the basement until he turns seventeen so he doesn't risk Susan or Max finding out.

Billy shouldn't be used to it.

The drip of the water splattering angrily against his heavy eyelashes from the ceiling. The man grunting above him as he pounds relentlessly into Billy bleeding, leaking hole. The blunt nails that dig into his hips. The way his cheek scratches the dust ridden, concrete floor.

He really shouldn't be used to it.

Waking up in his sweat, blood, and tears. Billy is yanked up and driven to the abortion clinic that falls just out of Hawkins. The protesters. Billy can't help but chuckle bitterly. He even remembers their names. The drive back home is worse and Neil mummurs about what a whore he is. The process happening every heat, sometimes even when he's not in heat, Billy is used to it.

He's seventeen. He's done with all the shit that happened in Hawkins and now wants to spend time with his pack of cigarettes and a bottle of well aged whiskey on top of an abandoned building.

Max is too suspicious, too curious for Billy's liking. "She's asking to many questions." Neil grumbles as he stops bringing men to the basement and gives him his own room but still makes him cook and clean while Max and Susan go about, being Beta's they don't get as much shit as he does, which makes him grateful, Max should never have to go through what he did. Billy lights a cigarette as he leans against his Camaro with a blank stare. He shakes the empty bottle of heat suppressants and blinks back his tears. He stomps out his cancer stick and scratches his name off the bottle and throws it across the field and makes it to class before the bell rings, much to the teachers surprise.

Billy sits down and winces once he feels himself tear again, his tail aching as it's been stripped of it's fur a day prior. The fresh bruises that blossomed on his skin make tears prick in his eyes. His pants, no underwear from all the time he's been beat for not being accessible at all times to anyone of Neil's friend that wants to fuck him, stain with the familiar feel of blood. He puts his head on the arms and let's the tears flow freely. Steve looks back at his friend, still in question, who's shoulders shake slightly. He bites the inside of his cheek and feels a tug on his heart, Billy can't be crying, surely not. Steve is proven wrong when the bell rings and Billy gets up, eyes stained red, and pushes Steve out of his way before walking to gym.

It's only Billy and Steve in the showers now. It's after school, Max is hanging out with her puppets after school and Susan and Neil are out of town. Billy lays his head on the pillar and looks down at the drain. Blood swirls hypnotically down the drain and Billy can feel the build up of tears. He chokes out a sob. Steve makes the mistake of stepping in the water, Billy turns around, eyes wide, scared as he opens his mouth and closes it a few times like a fish. Billy tries talking but all that comes out is a loud, dry sob that escapes from the back of his throat.

Steve walks closer and holds him. They stay like that for fifteen minutes. Billy's cried so much he's run out of tears. Steve is too busy rubbing the new, as well as old, bruises on Billy's body. "Tell me, please." Billy looks up at Steve.

Steve Harrington, the smart asshole who he smashed over the head with a plate and who beat him till he was bloody, not like he's not

used to it. His walls were built, why were they crumbling down for Harrington?

"I-I," Steve rubs his back soothingly. "Daddy dearest doesn't like omegas. They kept touching me, Steve. They wouldn't fucking *stop*." When Billy's voice cracks and a fresh wave of tears coax down his face Steve's eyes flash possessively. "Who?" Billy clenches his jaw and shakes his head then quickly gets up and puts on his clothes and stomps out. Stupid Steve. Stupid Neil. Everything is just fucking stupid! Billy kicks his Camaro angrily and scrambles to get out a cigarette. He takes a long drag and stares out into the field. He forgets that his clothes are soaking wet. He also forgets to tell Steve not to tell anyone.

"Billy." Billy's neck hairs stand up as he pretends not to be scared. He blows the smoke in Steve's direction ignoring the roll of Steve's beautiful eyes. He can't bring himself to answer, not to Steve. Billy stomps out his only friend and gets in his car. Steve looks like a kicked puppy, Billy brings himself past the brick of caring and slams hard on the gas. Steve watches helplessly as the boy swerves out of the school.

Billy makes Mac and cheese when Max gets home, she notices the limp that her brother has seemingly picked up on and promptly ignores and the blood that stains his jeans.

Neither one of them speak. Sounds of a cigarette being lit and the clank of a fork hitting a bowl fill the small house. It's, comforting.

"What does he do to you?" Billy nearly drops his cigarette. His shock is evident when Max looks up at him, clearly not in the mood for lies or bullshit which sucks for her because that's all Billy can serve. He walks out the room.

"If you tell anyone about this I'll make sure that Max gets her fair share of your disgrace." Neil spits as he holds the hose over Billy. The water is easily compared to Ice cubes falling over his body, but he doesn't complain, doesn't whine or stomp his feet. He sits in the floor and takes the insults that flow allbut gracefully from his father's mouth. Thankfully that's his imagination.

Billy looks down at his sister and wants so badly to spill everything, but he swallows it down and ignores the stay tear that falls pathetically from his face. He smiles or at least tries to, and reassures Max, in a broken, tearful voice, that everything is fine. Sure she was an ungrateful brat sometimes but Max didn't deserve anything that was Billy's fault. Billy grabs the bottle of whiskey and finds happiness in the burn that goes down his throat mixed with the addicting nicotine that he enjoyed smoking.

Neil and Susan come back the next day. Billy wakes up covered in sweat from nightmares. He gets beat, of course, but this time it's not in his room, it's in the kitchen. Max is in the kitchen. Neil brings his fist and hits Billy in the jaw, his wedding band leaving a cut that bleeds beautifully on the floor. He should've washed the dishes. Max has never seen him get beat so he's not surprised at the look of shock on her young features. He's surprised at the anger. Her tiny fists clenched at her sides and the clenching and unclenching of her jaw. Billy wants to smile and say it's okay. But his vision is blurred and he falls to his knees after the tenth blow. He should've washed the dishes.

Neil leaves for work, surprisingly enough and Susan, bless her soul, patches Steve as best as she can, pity swimming in her eyes like a field day. Billy decides, actually it's Max but whatever, that he's had enough.

That day Max calls the gang to their secret hideout at school. Everyone stares at the tears that fill her eyes. Dustin is the first to speak.

"Are you okay?" No. She's not okay. Her brother's not okay. Max tells everyone, what she saw and they create a plan to get Billy to confess.

"He might be doing something else when I'm not around." Max frowns. He seems more sore, more aching after Max returns from school. It doesn't make sense. Eleven speaks up, when did she get here?

"If you place tiny camera in places I am able to hack into them and present them at the police station. My dad," when did she start calling Jim her dad? "Will be able to see and help your brother.

Family.” Max doesn’t have time for smiles that day.

Steve chews on his eraser as he watches Billy from the back of the class. His head isn’t down like yesterday, if anything he’s listening to the teacher. Why did he just run off? Was it something Steve said? Steve scolds himself. Of course it was something he said. Steve’s eyes wander onto Nancy. He stares for a second. They aren’t mates. They never were mates. Steve can’t help but feel sad. They had a bond. He replays the moment he caught Nancy cheating on him every day and wonders how he could’ve been better. Nancy kissing Jonathan. He returns to reality when his phone vibrates against his thigh. Dustin. He stares at his phone, confused. What does he need an antenna for?

Billy dashes out of class. He skips gym too. The notification of his father texting him brings tension to his shoulders. Max watches as her brother leaving the building and sulks in her seat.

The plan starts on Saturday. Neil and Susan leave again, thank god. Max sets up the cameras. One in Billy’s room when he’s cooking Max a mean risotto, she’ll have to ask him when he learned to cook so well, one in Neil and Susan’s room, and one in the basement. She steps over puddles of blood and brushes it off as spilt wine to worry about for when the time comes.

Steve pulls up to Dustin’s house. Dustin stands on his porch and jumps to meet Steve before he gets one foot out his car. He grabs the antenna and looks at Steve. What’s the harm in telling him?

Max punches him ten times. Worth it. Steve helps fill a hole in their burning questions and Max is grateful, no matter how many times she punches Dustin.

The antenna was to put in top of the police’s new tv, seriously when did these things start happening? Eleven has a good chance to send signals from the cameras to the tv. It takes up an entire day but everybody knows it’s worth it. They don’t bring the parents in it yet. Not even Joyce. Jonathan and Nancy dont even know.

“Sorry there was another omega protest.” Jim talks gruffly as he sets his coat on the rack and turns around to see the gang and Steve staring at him expectingly. “What’s going on here?” Max explains.

Jim runs a hand over his face and groans heavily. He apologizes but Max knows it's not for them putting cameras in her house.

"Billy went home early on a Friday. The plan was executed yesterday, on Saturday. Billy usually spends time in the basement with Neil while Susan and I go out, which I know realize is a bad idea." Steve is the one that rubs Max's back.

Jim listens, files a search warrant, and waits. Eleven turns her concentration on the antenna. Everybody in the station is silent. The soft buzz of the light that Jim has yet to fix rings peacefully as a sign of reality. They all need that right about now.

The tv flickers on. Eleven's eyes move rapidly under her lids as she flickers through the cameras. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

"Basement." Is all she whispers. The tv flickers onto the basement camera and the pen drops. It's a bad time for Joyce, Jonathan and Nancy to walk in but they do and just like everyone else, they fall silent.

Billy's there. Cheek pressed against the basement floor, silent tears coming down his face as they did when he was fifteen. The man above him, Marc again, grunts wildly. Blood drips from Billy's hips as the Alpha digs his claws into the teenager. And then Neil's there. Watching. Counting the money that he proceeds to congratulate Billy on making him. Then Billy's eyes fall straight on the camera. Soulless and lost. Steve growls. Everybody shifts at first, unsure and conflicted at the scene that folds in front of them. Steve is gone and in his car before anybody can stop him. Not that anyone wants to anyway. But they follow as quick as they can.

Steve goes past the speed limit. Not that anybody cares. He almost slams into a tree as he pulls up to the Hargrove household. Max is out of Hopper's Car first and banging open the door. The door is heavy. But Steve is so fucking angry he slams it open and leaves a dent. There's loud curses and Neil spots Max first then Steve, and then everyone else. Marc yanks out of Billy, his knot tearing the boy open again.

Billy fainted. Steve is the only one who walks over to him while

everyone else corners Neil and Marc. Steve brushes Billy's hair back and puts his jacket over him then carries him to his car. Billy smells like rubbing alcohol and tears. Steve realizes it's a smell that nobody should be too familiar with.

The day Neil Hargrove goes to jail it's raining, thundering even. The clouds are ugly and grey, the rain makes Billy flinch. After he woke up, he couldn't breathe. Max turned her head into Lucas' shoulder and tears well up. Mike and Will gave moral support and Dustin made everyone feel better afterwards. It took Steve half an hour to reassure Billy that he wasn't going to be hurt anymore.

Hurt. Hurt. Hurt. Hurt. It's a simple word with multiple meanings and Billy Hargrove was every single meaning. Nobody visits Neil in jail, he spits curses at Billy while he's being dragged away. Not even Susan, who's taken in for questioning, visited. Billy has to talk but not yet, not now. Max stays with Billy. She doesn't go to the arcade. She stays along with Steve. Joyce gives Billy cooking lessons, it seems to keep him stable, Max teaches him how to win at every game in the arcade, and Steve teaches him what a proper kiss is like.

The kiss is, fuck, it makes Billy feel like he's on cloud nine. It's three years until Billy is ready again to kiss again and Steve is perfectly okay with that, right now he's okay with light kisses and eating the cookie dough he's been told not to eat while receiving a smack on the forehead and a kiss right after. He's okay. They're both okay.